166

CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER.

MAFFET & MERRITT, Publishers. (ESTABLISHED, 1879.) ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

VOL. 7 DARLINGTON, INDIAN TERRITORY: AUG. 12, 1886. NO. 21.

The Cowboy's Lament.

Through progress of railroads,
Our occupation's gone,
We put our ideas into words,
Our words into a song.
First comes the cowboy,
He's pointed for the west;
Of all the pioneers I claim
The cowboy is the best.
We miss him on the round up:
Gone is his merry shout.
The cowboy's left the country,
And the campfire's going out.

No railroad nor graders
Nor anything to mar
Our happiness in camping out,
Or trav'ling with the star—
When I think of the good old days,
My eyes do sometimes fill,
When I think of the tin by the campfire
And the cayuse on the hill.
Immagination takes me back,
I hear the merry shout;
But the cowboy's left the country,
And the campfire's going out.

You freighters are companions,
You'll have to leave the land,
Can't haul your loads for nothing,
Through seven feet of sand.
Railroad's bound to beat you,
Do your level best;
So, give it to the granger,
Shake hands before you leave us,
And give a merry shout
Freighter's left the country,
And the campfires going out.

In times when freight was higher,
Old-timers had a show,
Their pockets full of money,
No sorrow did they know;
But, O! how times have changed since then;
You're poorly clothed and fed;
Your wagons are all broken,
And your mules are almost dead.
The cowboy and the freighter
Soon will hear the angels shout;
"Here they come to heaven,
And their campfire's all gone out."

Ed. Gray occupies a place in Trader Barker's store.

Capt. Woodson's troop for fast horses, sports and gritty men.

Gen'l Seth Clover, an agency farmer, has been in from the farming district for over two weeks recuperating.

O. A. Harvey, late of Fort Reno, has accepted a position as clerk in the Lone Star clothing house:—Kiowa Herald.

Lieut. Wessels, the gentlemanly officer in charge of the Indian scouts at Fort Elliott, was down last week recruiting his ranks.

The lost stag-hound advertised in the last TRANSPORTER by Capt. Markley, of Sill, was recovered at Caldwell. This is another proof that advertising pays.

W. S. Decker, the licensed trader for the railroad coming south from Arkansas City, has a large advertisement in the TRANSPORTER. His address for the present is Ponca Agency, his store being near there.

H. A. Todd, manager of the stage line, with an outfit, has been putting up hay west of the garrison for use of the stage stock. Mr. Todd will also put up a supply of hay at the various ranches along the line from Caldwell to Fort Sill.

The buckboards on the stage line from Reno to Sill have been taken off, and covered jerkies are now used in their stead. The enterprising company are doing everything they possibly can for the comfort of the patrons of their line.

Mr. O. J. Woodard, of Lawrence, Kansas, son-in-law of Gen. J. D. Miles, an extensive Indian Territory cattle raiser, who is now visiting the Hot Springs with his interesting family, was an agreeable caller at THE STOCK GROWER rooms on Thursday.—Stock Grower, Las Vegas, N.M.

The town cows of Arkansas City are dying of Texas fever contracted from a herd of Arkansas cattle that were driven through that city. None in these parts have died nor has there been any southern cattle driven into the state near here. —Caldwell Journal.

Lieut. Reed, of the 5th cavalry, came up from Supply, Saturday, with twenty-six men to receive the thirty-nine recruits and eighty head of horses brought down from Leavenworth, Sunday, by Lieut. E. S. Robins, of the 3rd cavalry. They started on their return trip to Supply last Tuesday.—Kiowa Herald, 15th.

The Arapahoe "Medicine."

In keeping with their custom, the Arapahoes began their annual medicine dance on last Monday. It lasted three days and nights. It was held at a point fourteen miles up the river, near Jake Zelleweger's ranch. The word "Medicine" as used by the Indians, is synonymous with the word religion, and their medicines imply religious observances. The nearest celebration cimilar to an Indian dance is the white man's camp meeting, and its object and observance is essentially the same. Attendance at the medicine is compulsory, and is enforced by armed "Dog Soldiers," who scour the country far and near, giving their people notice to remove to the place of meeting, and in case the notice is not promptly obeyed, the dog soldiers rip the canvass off the teepes, destroy the poles, and shoot the chickens and dogs, the latter animal being their favorite dish during the medicine. Agent Capt. Lee succeeded in breaking up the dog-soldier element this spring, however. Various bands are soon enroute to the designated place of meeting, and arrange their medicine village in the shape of a huge horse shoe, the open end being toward the east. In the center of their horse shoe, the main medicine lodge is erected with great ceremony. It resembles roughly a circus tent, partially covered with poles, boughs of trees and canvass in such a way as to render a shade to its occupants. After the lodge is completed it is taken possession of with great ceremony by the "medicine men," who approach the lodge from the outer row of teepees with a very slow, stealthy tread, preceeded by the "medicine women," holding a buffalo skull with its openings stuffed with green herbs and grasses. After the medicine men have taken possession of the lodge, the dog soldiers come with a grand charge across the green, and, rushing into the medicine lodge, circle around and around the center pole, firing volley after volley at the image of a man suspended high in the air. This image represents their enemies-in olden time, the white man. After the dog soldiers retire, the medicine commences. The dancers, who are stripped naked, save a breech clout, have been fantastically painted and decorated, and are formed in a circle around the lodge. On one side stand musicians, who beat upon a large drum and chant a song in unison with the music and dance. The dancers keep up the motion by rising upon the ball of the foot; then dropping back upon the heel; then rising as before —the feet remaining upon the ground and no other motion of the body being made. A long eagle quill whistle is held in the mouth of each dancer, and the peculiar whistling noise adds much to the general din. At one end of the lodge is the "medicine" (the objects of veneration) enshrined in a bower of green boughs and fixed out with feathers and trinkets. Immediately back of this is the "medicine woman" stripped to the waist, attended by two other Indian women, all reclining in a bower behind the medicine screen. The medicine woman is the personage who makes all preliminary arrangements for a medicine dance, bearing all expenses for food, etc., She takes possession of the lodge with the buffalo head, and starves the same as the dancers. The dancers remain for three days and two nights without food—keeping up their monotonous dance at intervals, sleeping but little. Their endurance during the ordeal wins them honor or disgrace if they fail. Tempting food of all description and fresh water is always within easy reach and hundreds eat their meals on all sides of them—yet the deepest disrace falls upon them if they yield to their hunger or thirst. During the progress of the medicine many young children are brought into the lodge and their ears pierced by one or the dancers with great ceremony, a gift of a horse always being received by the dancer piercing the child's ears. This ceremony is similar to a christening ceremony among the whites, with with the exception that this ceremony is simply the acknowledgement of the parentage of the child by its father. It does not matter whether the child is illegitimate or not, the father always acknowledges in this manner that the child is his, and in case the father dies before the birth, his next of kin make the acknowledgement for him. The interest culminates in enthusiastic dancers being strung up to ropes to the center pole. There are two incisions made in the breast and buck-skin thongs inserted under the muscles and a long rope attached to the center pole. The dancer leans back so as to stretch the rope and keeps dancing until the buck-skin thongs cut through the muscles of his breast and he is free. Another method of torture is to drag a buffalo head around the horse shoe shaped camp early in the morning—the buffalo head being attached to a long rope tied to leather thongs inserted in the back near the shoulder blades. The main object of a medicine is to enable the Indians to fulfil sacred vows made while suffering from family afflictions at which times the readily promise to torture themselves as a means of relieving themselves from their afflictions.

Good Letter from New Mexico.

LIBERTY, N. M., July 31, '86.

LAFE MERRITT, ESQ.,
DARLINGTON, I. T.

DEAR SIR:—I will now write you descriptive of this country and the Panhandle, as I promised before leaving your place: I did not get out here as soon as I expected when I left down there. I was in the vicinity of Mobeetie nearly three weeks with the round-up party. This section of country has been very dry for a long time until within the past two weeks. There have been several showers, but no general rain yet. Stock does not look well here at all—not much better than with you the first of May. There has been scarcely any range work done yet. Calf branding has but fairly begun, and the general round-up has been postponed until the middle of August. There is considerable stock here that has not yet shed their winter coat of hair sufficient to distinguish the brands.

In several respects this country differs very much from that. The grass is nearly all of the short, curly mesquit, but in the bottom there grows any amount of mesquit brush; also Mexican soap weed, until its a nuisance. I should judge nearly one-half of the population is Mexican, with their large herds of sheep, plenty of "burros," and an abundance of bad water. The is mostly alkali and sattish. You find here, also, the genuine Mexican cactus tree in abundance; also several varieties of smaller cactus. I have seen some of the large cactus six and seven feet high. There comparatively few hawks, no eagles, no prairie chickens or turkeys to mention. But to me there is a new species of quail. It is of a dove color and larger than the brown quail. It has a small white top knot, and is quite a pretty bird.

Our present location is at the foot of the plains. We have just returned from a ten days' trip up on the plains branding calves. There are hundreds of antelope and mustangs in that country. I saw as many as 300 or 400 head of mustangs while on the trip. They run wild upon the plains, and there are several outfits there catching them. The modusoperandi is to walk them down by continually following them.

I expect I have said enough of this section, so I will drift down the river (Canadian) to Tascosa, which is a miniature representation of a Mexican town. The buildings are almost all of adobe, with the flat dirt roof; occasionally you see a shingle roof. Population mostly Mexican—at least the most that were in sight were—and the language the same. The day I arrived there the second edition of the city newspaper (the Pioneer) appeared, and from the eagerness manifested in getting a copy, one would have thought it the Wichita Eagle or Police Gazette. At Tascosa I met Tom Lemons and Tom Dove, formerly from Reno. They are partners in the restaurant business, and I imagine are doing well.

Thinking of no more of interest, I will close by wishing the TRANSPORTER success. Yours, truly yours,

[illegible]

Railroad News.

PONCA AGENCY, I. T., July 30.

DEAR MERRITT:—How are you standing the warm weather? I am on the bank of the Salt Fork with my store, two miles from Ponca Agency, and thirty-five miles south of Arkansas City. The railroad grade is completed to this point. I got a stock of goods on the ground in time to catch the trade of the railroad employees, there being 200 of them at this camp. The contractor issues his men orders on me for $100 worth of goods at a time, I crediting them, and he pays me. The majority of the employees are boomers, and have their families with them. There are about 100 teams working in this outfit using about one ton of forage per day which I furnish. The grading contract from here to the Cimarron will be let in a few days, when a number of large camps will be established along the line. The road will run through Oklahoma, west of Council Grove. We will be on the North Fork in September.

Wishing to be remembered to Capt. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. Williams and others,

I am, your friend,
W. S. DECKER.

Indians

A few days ago as the collector of the Enterprise was wending his way along a public road he noticed a team of fine horses ahead of him. The driver of the team stopped in front of a field where another man was harrowing. The man in the field walked up to the road fence, leaned upon it in regular old farmer style, and was talking to the man in the wagon when the collector drove up. Nothing unusual about this, the reader will ask. No, but on reaching these men, the collector noticed that both of them were Indian youths, from the Carlisle school, working out during the summer on Bucks county farms. Later in the day he found another Indian boy plowing. He was finishing up a field by the side of a long lane, with a narrow strip of grass between the lane and the field. It was a pretty nice piece of work to get the last furrow to come out right all along the narrow strip of grass, but the owner of the farm was harrowing in a distant field, trusting this Indian boy to dress up the job. At another place he noticed an Indian boy dressing up a door yard with a scythe, mowing around shrubbery, &c., alone, no man or women in sight. A year or two ago these youths were wild savage Indians on the distant Western plains. All the traditions of the Indians tell that a man must not work, but hunt and go on the war-path, while the women attend to the duties of the home. But here they are, right among us, working regularly and steadily, and doing their work well. One farmer informed the writer that he had employed several of these boys. They were very good, careful workers, as a rule, and one especially took a deep interest in the work, would go on and do it without orders or instruction, knew just what to do and how to do it, and that with willingness and alacrity. He considered that the Indian boys were a great benefit to this part of the country, and were much better hands than he could employ from our own laboring class of boys and young men. What will be the outcome of all this? These youths will certainly not go back to their late companions and relatives on the reservations, and become "Indians" again. It is probable they will return and take with them the habits of labor and industry, take up farms, and cultivate them in their old homes. But will not some of them at least, learn to like our ways and our people, and desire to remain with us, and become part of our body poltic? What's to hinder?:—Newtown (Pa.) Enterprise.

The Shoshones, a band of Indians in the neighborhood of the Rocky mountains, before smoking with strangers, pull off their moccasins, in token of the sacred sincerity of their professions. And by this act they not only testify their sincerity, but also imprecate on themselves the misery of going barefooted forever, if they prove unfaithful in their word.